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Dr. Croson L.
Clapham Park.

Quarterly Review April 1837.

ART. VI.—*Rhymes.* By William Stewart Rose. Brighton
12mo. 1837.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Rose has condescended to take the hint which we offered a year ago in a short article on his Epistle to Mr. Frere, and collected that elegant piece and some others not unworthy of being classed with it into a volume. The new Rhymes, as he modestly, or *Italianly*, calls them, are, with few exceptions, in the same style with the Epistle from which we quoted ample specimens; so that any critical remarks on the present occasion would be superfluous. We are not willing, however, to allow a volume which contains so much of what is both new and good, to pass entirely without notice in these pages; and we therefore select for the entertainment of our readers a single tale, which in our opinion is of itself sufficient to prove that, had this author pleased, he might have given us a body of comic narratives in verse, quite as valuable as any that our literature possesses. The exquisite skill of the composition will, however speak for itself. No writer knows better how to unite the quaint and the graceful.

The story of the Dean of Badajos has been, time out of mind a special favourite with the Spaniards. Like most of the many admirable inventions of its class, familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the comic romance of the Peninsula, we have no doubt its original was oriental. There is nothing wittier in the Arabian Nights, and it is a fiction entirely in their taste. We rather think the story was first told in our own language by Richard Cumberland—his prose edition of it is, at all events, the one best known to English readers—and it is a very lively and humorous edition; but still, we are inclined to think that no one who considers attentively the structure and execution of Mr Rose's *rifacimento*, will accuse him of having wasted his powers in painting the lily and adding perfume to the violet.

Some of the *new sonnets* in this volume are very elegant—one or two of them have a touching, sober pathos, conveyed in lines which at once fix themselves for ever in the memory of the reader; but we find none that seems to us so perfect a specimen as our ancient favourite 'Constantinople seen at Sun-rise,' and must add that we like *that* better as it stands in a note to *Childe Harold* than as Mr. Rose has now altered it. These affections are not always successful: we are grieved to say that we think Mr. Wordsworth, in his late castigated edition of *poetry*, has divested several of the finest pieces in the collection—the peerless 'Laodamia' for example—of some of their charms; and we happen to have recently seen a copy of *Christina* corrected by Mr. Coleridge within a few years of his death, in which every alteration seemed to us, without exception, for the worse. Men should distrust the coolness of age in tampering with the fervid creations of their prime. They should remember the fate of Tasso's amended Jerusalem. Well and wisely Mr. Southey resolved on including in his edition of Cowper's version of Homer which that poet executed 'in the happy period of his whole life'—and discarding the perplexed and enfeebled one over which he wearied his fingers in the hope of gloom of his later years.

Next to 'The Dean of Badajos,' and hardly inferior to it, should place, among the novel contents of the present volume 'The Talisman,' inscribed to Dr. Todd, of Brighton, who is, we presume, too skilful and too prosperous a gentleman to be offended at its satire upon his profession; and after that 'Guinevere'—a thoroughly Italian description of Mr. Rose's Italian villa on the shore of Hampshire. We have only to add, that we sincerely hope the reception of these *Rhymes*, among the limited circle for which this edition has been prepared, may encourage the author to place both them and more of the fruits of his leisure at the command of the public. He seems to us, if we must speak the plain truth, to have only of late years discovered the reverse which his genius is most peculiarly and felicitously adapted for working out; and he has, we hope and trust, plenty of time and vigour before him yet.

RHYMES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

STANS LEDE IN ENO

HORAT

BRIGHTON.

MDCCCXXXVII

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PROLOGUE.



A monitory voice may cry 'tis time,
Crawling towards a grave, to abandon rhyme.
I think the warning well and wisely said ;
Whether pronounced by death's or by fool's head.
But I have hope (to speak in Petrarch's vein)
For pity, if not pardon, for my strain :
Since no delight is left to me beside ;
And I rhyme but to cheer a lonely ride ;
As it is said of old 'by such as have
Swam in a gondola' on Adria's wave,

Through the long night light-hearted gondoleer
 Was used to cheat his wonted labour, ere
 Upon the masquing city, like a spell,
 The moody Austrian's leaden sceptre fell ;
 To snatches of traditionary tune, }
 Oaring his sable barque by broad lagoon, }
 Or *rio*, (1) silvered by Italian moon. }
 Or (fitter symbol !) as our ploughboy whistles,
 Who plods his way through greasy clods and thistles,
 Timing his tread to what he thinks a fife ;
 So I to my own music limp through life.
 But mimic not the gondoleer or carle,
 If music, such as over burning marle
 Guided the feet of fallen angel, sound ; (2)
 Or such is heard, as on enchanted ground,
 When Ariel blows his pipe and beats his tabor,
 And, tasked by Prospero with welcome labour,
 Witches the monster and the mandlin two
 Foul-mantled pool, toothed furze, and bramble through.

—Say that your solitary days are dull
 And dismal, saving when ‘the isle is full
 Of pleasant noises,’ you may take your pleasure,
 —If it be such;—up ! sound a merry measure.
 Sing—well or ill—sing boldly like a bird ;
 Sing for yourself : but *why not sing unheard ?*
 Let him of ‘high arched elms and hedgerows green’
 Say why he joys to wander ‘*not unseen,*’
 And I will answer, by what motive stirred,
 On down and dell I would not sing unheard.

NOTES.

(1)—*Or Rio.**Rio* (in Venetian speech) means a water-street, in opposition to a *calle* or lane.

(2) *If music, such as over burning marle*
Guided the feet of fallen angel, sound, &c.

To support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle. * * *
 * * * * * * * *
 * * * * Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised
 To heights of noblest temper, heroes old,
 Arming for battle, &c.—*Milton.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN HOOKHAM
FRERE, IN MALTA.

*William Stewart Rose presents with such kind cheer
And health as he can give John Hookham Frere.*

Brighton, MDCCCXXXIV.

THAT bound like bold Prometheus on a rock, O
Self-banished man, you boil in a *Scirocco*,
Save when a *Müestrle* makes you shiver,
While worse than vulture pecks and pines your liver;
Where neither lake nor river glads the eye,
Seared with the glare of 'hot and copper sky';
Where dwindled tree o'ershadows withered sward;
Where green blade grows not; where the ground is charred:

Where, if from withered turf and dwindled tree
 You turn to look upon a summer sea,
 And *Speronaro's* sail of snowy hue,
 Whitening and brightening on that field of blue ;
 Or eye the palace, rich in tapestried hall, ⁽¹⁾
 The Moorish window and the massive wall ;
 Or mark the many loitering in its shade,
 In many-coloured garb and guise arraid ;
 Long-haired Sclavonian skipper, with the red
 And scanty cap, which ill protects his head ;
 White-kilted Suliote, gay and gilded Greek,
 Grave, turbanned Turk, and Moor of swarthy cheek :
 Or sainted John's contiguous pile explore, ⁽²⁾
 Gemmed altar, gilded beam, and gorgeous floor,
 Where you emblazoned in mosaïc see
 Memorials of a monkish chivalry ;
 The vaulted roof, impervious to the bomb,
 The votive tablet, and the victor's tomb,
 Where vanquished Moslem, captive to his sword,
 Upholds the trophies of his conquering lord :

Where if, while clouds from hallowed censer steam,
 You muse and fall into a mid-day dream,
 And hear the pealing chaunt and sacring bell,
 Amid loud 'larum and the burst of shell ;
 —Short time to mark those many sights which I
 Have sung, short time to dream of days gone-by,
 Forced alms must purchase from a greedy crowd
 Of lazy beggars, filthy, fierce, and loud,
 Who landing-place, street, stair and temple crowd :
 Where on the sultry wind for ever swells
 The jangle of ten thousand tuneless bells, (³)
 While priestly drones in hourly pageant pass,
 Hived in their several cells by sound of brass ;
 Where merry England's merriest month looks sorry,
 And your waste island seems but one wide quarry ;
 I muse : and think you might prefer my town,
 Its pensile pier, dry beach, and breezy down.

Upon this tumbled bed of thyme and turf
 I lounge, and listen to the rumbling surf ;

Or idly mark the shadows as they fly,
 While green earth maps the changes of the sky,
 When, at the passing of the summer cloud,
 The frightened wheatear runs in haste, to shroud
 Its body in some sheltering hole; and there
 (Poor fool!) is prisoned in the fowler's snare.
 So may not I—to moralize my verse—
 Shun paltry perils, and encounter worse!
 Here, gladdened by pure air and savour sweet
 Of wild herb crushed beneath my pony's feet,
 I rove, when, warmed by softer wind and shower,
 They show their creeping blue or crimson flower.
 Here, when the sun is low, and air is still,
 And silence is upon the sea and hill,
 Well-pleased I mark the rampant lambs unite
 To race, or match themselves in mimic fight,
 Or through the prickly furze adventurous roam;
 Till by the milky mothers summoned home,
 They quit their game, and ply their nimble feet,
 In quick obedience to the peevish bleat.

Here, oft descending through a double swell,
 I dive into a little wooded dell,
 Embosoming a hamlet, church and yard,
 Whose graves, except a few of more regard,
 (Where wood some record of the dead preserves,
 Or harder stone) are ridged with humble turves.
 O'ergrown with greenwood is the curate's rest ; (4)
 So screened, it might be called the parson's nest,
 And never would you dream that such abode
 Was but two paces from the London-road.
 The chancel of the church in ochry stain
 Shows Becket's death, before the altar slain :
 And here, in red and yellow lines we trace
 A stiffness which appears not out of place,
 And, as in Grecian vase, an antique grace :
 While in the knightly murderers' mail we read
 The painter's toil coeval with the deed. (5)
 Much joys the curate to have first displaid
 This rude design, with roughcast overlaid :

Simple are all his joys ; books, garden, spaniel !
 Yet lions he for Truth would dare like Daniel.

Keen in the cause of altar and of throne,
 My peerless parson, careless in his own,
 Says in his heart, (what poets do but sing)
 ‘ That a glad poverty’s an honest thing.’
 Dear is his dog, whom mouth of darkest dye
 Makes dearer in a Tory master’s eye.
 Such is the pair : I to the man demur
 Upon one point alone ; he calls me *Sir*.

This priest and beast oft join me, where no harrow
 Has raked the ground, by bottom, hill or barrow ;
 Or, since new path and place new pleasure yield,
 We rove by sheep-walk wide, and open field,
 Where the red poppy and pale wheaten spike
 Are mingled, to that ridge miscalled *the dyke*,
 Deemed by our clowns a labour of the devil ; (4)
 A height whose frowning brow o’erhangs a level,

Where the glad eye field, farm, and forest sees,
 And grey smoke curling through the greenwood trees :
 Or measures coast which fronts the middle day,
 Walled with white cliffs that rise from beach, by bay
 And bight indented, with arms opening wide ;
 As if to woo or welcome back the tide.
 Here busy boats are seen : some overhawl
 Their loaded nets : some shoot the lightened trawl ;
 And, while their drags the slimy bottom sweep,
 Stealthily o'er the face o' the waters creep :
 While some make sail ; and, singly or together,
 Furrow the sea with merry wind and weather.

I love smooth water and blue sky ; vex't sea,
 Loud wind, and scowling heaven delight not me,
 In spite of painter's and of poet's spell ;
 Yea, his who gilds a selfish thought so well :
 Who says that, ' looking from the land 'tis sweet
 ' To view the labouring barque by billows beat ; (?)

‘ Not that we’re pleased by other’s pain ; but see
 ‘ With pleasure ills from which ourselves are free.’
 My gallant friend and I need no such measure
 Whereby to guage a doubtful good or pleasure.

Often this ready friend with whom I roam,
 —Our morning ramble done—escorts me home ;
 And sometimes (would I oftener were his host !)
 Partakes of my *risotto** and my roast :
 When rambling table-talk, not tuned to one key,
 Runs on chace, race, horse, mare, fair, bear, and monkey ;
 Or shifts from field and pheasant, fens and snipes,
 To the wise Samian’s ⁽⁸⁾ world of anti-types :
 And, when my friend’s in his Platonic lunes,
 Although I lose his words, I like his tunes ;
 And sometimes think I must have ass’s ears,
 Who cannot learn the music of the spheres.
 But oft we pass to Epicurean theme,
 Waking from mystic Plato’s morning dream ;

* A Milanese dish.

And, prosing o'er some Greek or Gascon wine,
 Praise the rich vintage of the Rhone and Rhine ;
 Gay Garonne's growth ; the liquid ruby, Tavel ;
 The juice of paler grape which loves the gravel ; ⁽⁹⁾
 Or that which runs in purer stream, which gushed
 From clusters richer, riper, and uncrushed ; ⁽¹⁰⁾
 Or crimson drink that was my beverage, while
 I roved through Tenedos' or Lesbos' isle ;
 Or that wherewith I moistened my pillow
 On Hellespontine shore, termed *wine of the law*.*
 Not *that* which sober Mahomet imposes
 On Moslem ; but the better law of Moses.
 So says the Israëlite who makes and sells
 This noted nectar at the Dardanelles,
 Vouching that he should sin against divine
 Precept, in mixing water with his wine. ⁽¹¹⁾
 And what the Florentine's light flagon fills,
 Cheap but choice produce of Etrurian hills ;
 Which warmed *him* with the lyric fire of Flaccus,
 That tells the praises of the Tuscan Bacchus ;

* *Vino della legge.*

Whose godhead, while the gadding vine shall climb
 Those sunny hills, will live in Redi's rhyme ; (¹²)
 Whose dithyrambic muse disdains to amble
 In measured gait ; with a bacchante's gambol,
 And grace, she whirls her pine-topt thyrsus round,
 And wildly dances to the cymbal's sound.

But that old saw, *great talkers do the least*,
 Is verified in me and in my priest,
 Who, (though 'tis deemed the exclusive right of vicar,
 Or rather rector,) preaches o'er his liquor.
 And we, taught by that teacher of times, tenses,
 And moods, and manners, 'wine should please four senses,
 ' Eye with its colour, nostril with its savour,
 ' Ear with its fame, and palate with its flavour,' (¹³)
 No more soothe palate than ear, nose or eye,
 And seldom drain withal the wine-cup dry.
 Would you were here ! we might fulfil our task :
 Faith ! we might fathom Plato and the flask, (¹⁴)

Or we—would you not help us to unsphere
 His spirit to unfold new worlds—might hear
 That rampant strain you were the first to raise,
 Whereof another bears away the praise, (15)
 Who (let me not his better nature wrong)
 Confessed you father of his final song ;
 That rhyme which ranks you with immortal Berni ;
 Which treats of giant, monk, knight, tilt and tourney ;
 And tells how Anak's race, detesting bells,
 Besieged the men that rang them, in their cells ;
 With whom they justly warred as deadly foes,
 For breaking their sequestered seat's repose.
 (Strange siege, unquestioned by misdoubting Bryant !)
 And how in that long war, a young sick giant
 Was taken, christened, and became a friar ;
 And how he roared, and what he did, i' the quire. (16)
 Or, if like that rare bard who left half-told
 Of yore the story of Cambuscan bold,
 You will not tell the sequel of your tale
 Of cavern, keep, and studious cloister's pale.

Sing (what you verse in veriest English vein)
 Some snatches of his merriest, maddest strain,
 Who in wild masque upon Athenian stage
 Held up to scorn the follies of the sage
 Famed for vain wisdom, that in Cecrops' town
 Would fain have pulled time-honoured custom down ; (17)
 Or, sparing the blind guides of Greece and Rome,
 Yourself may scourge our blinder guides at home ;
 You have crushed reptiles. ' Rise and grasp ' (I say
 In your own words) ' a more reluctant prey.'

But anxious fear and angry feeling square
 Ill with the pleasures I would have you share.
 So gladly I return to down and dale,
 And sea, though saddened now by wintry gale.

Speaking of hills and nibbling flocks that graze
 Their russet lawns, I spoke of halcyon days ;
 When the sloop rides without the rocky ledge,
 Or safely skims the horizontal edge,

Where, in the farthest distance, to the eye
The ocean melts into the misty sky ;
When his quick song the mounting skylark sings,
And marks its merry time with quivering wings.
But even when this music of mid air
Is mute, and inland screaming mews repair,
Who, shrieking pitifully, seem to call
For help, and shelter from the coming squall,
Which overtakes them, wheeling left and right,
And blots heaven, sea and land with sudden night ;
—Even when hollow winds are howling, when
Warm city pleases, and the hum of men,
Our streets are sheltered well; and wild and weald
Choice fuel for the cheerful hearthstone yield ;
Birch, aspen, ‘ sailing pine,’ or ‘ builder oak ;’
And, flying greasy fog and sea-coal smoke,
We oftentimes may count among our lodgers
A Holland, Ryder, Hallam, or a Rogers.

Asses succeed ('tis true) and we've a fresh rush
 Of fools in summer ; yet they're but a flesh-brush ;
 And (if I know you well) would do you good ;
 Would goad your spirits, stir your stagnant blood :
 And you and I might groan from dawn to dusk
 At mother draped in pink and drugged with musk ;
 Who thinks that she perfumes herself with that
 Which Touchstone calls ' the uncleanly flux of cat : ' (18)
 And many a pestilent, perverse anomaly,
 Which (if my priest had gall) would point a homily ;
 As her that for a turban leaves her cap,
 And looks like Asia Minor on the map :
 At him that gives—priest, layman, saint or sinner—
 A chitter-chatter, clitter-clatter, dinner ;
 And thinks that noise and numbers, port and sherry,
 Might glad the sad and make the moody merry ;
 Whose hireling waiter from hotel or inn
 Grazes your shoulder with cod's tail or fin,
 Crude and uncrimped, more flaccid than a roach,
 And sick with sitting backwards in *the coach* ; (19)

At guests that come to such Amphitryon's call,
 Whose talk is not of bullocks, but Bengal : (20)
 At non-descripts delivered by steam-packets :
 At fools of fifty with white hats and jackets :
 At such as whistle, and hail those they follow
 Or meet by steyne or street, with whoop and hollo :
 Hairy civilians (shame to the police !)
 Whose walk and whiskers are a breach of the peace :
 At male and female Hottentots that block
 The path, to peer at punch, stage-coach, or clock :
 Mooncalves, whose thumbs are in their breeches' pockets,
 Staring with eye-balls starting from their sockets :
 At mounted matron in red *toque* : M.D.'s
 That sip raw shrub and sup on toasted cheese :
 At bawling girls that bay the patient moon
 To hoarse piano, hammered out of tune ;
 At lounging men who make a public luncheon ;
 At shameless men that shuffle cards in sunshine :
 At her that love of language yearly carries,
 A poster of the sea and land, to Paris,

To catch the latest jargon of the day ;
 No otherwise than Scrub in Farquhar's play, (21)
 Would learn the last new flourish of his knives.
 Such men we have ; such women ; maids and wives !

Sometimes ('tis strange, and I'm at my wits' end
 To find the cause) things please us which offend :
 And seeking what offends, a devious path
 Many have trod. In Cambridgeshire or Bath
 To fix his home you would think Ansty loth,
 From his Bath-guide ; and yet he lived in both.
 Gray too took earth at Granta, though a hater
 Of the dull studies of his *alma mater*,
 To endure the sober seniors' scorn, and noise
 Nonsense and naughty pranks of drunken boys.
 And thus, at strife with the retreat he chose,
 Here dwells your invalided William Rose ;
 Who sings the pleasures and the pains, as best
 He can, of his selected place of rest.

Nor think it strange if he that home commend
 For pains as well as pleasures, to his friend.
 A preacher ⁽²²⁾ (and he like a saint of old
 Deserves the title of the *mouth of gold*) ⁽²³⁾
 Says, that it steads not body more than soul
 To infuse some bitter in the festive bowl ;
 Which makes the cup so seasoned, when 'tis quaffed,
 A sounder, and more salutary draught,
 Thus I the beverage which I mingle, stir,
 Like that brave prelate, with a branch of myrrh. ⁽²⁴⁾

Join me, dear Frere, and be, if you can swallow
 This wine and wormwood-drink, '*my great Apollo*.'

NOTES.

(1) *Or eye the palace, rich in tapestried hall, &c.*

The palace hall is on the King's birth-day hung with a beautiful suit of arras presented to the order of St. John by a King of France. It was taken by the Algerines on the way to its destination, and ransomed for £10,000.

(2) *Or sainted John's contiguous pile explore, &c.*

In a digression on Malta in a book called *Bubbles from the Brunnens*, this building, which is smaller than many parochial Churches in England, (than my own, for instance, at Christ Church, Hants,) is represented as next in size to St. Peter's at Rome! though in the admeasurements on St. Peter's floor, our St. Paul's is recognized as second to it in magnitude, and the Cathedral of Milan as third. On the other hand, none of the singular characteristics of the Maltese Church, such as its being bomb-proof, its being paved with marble, on which the arms of the knights are blazoned in a species of mosaic termed *incastro* by the Roman artists, &c., are particularised.

(3) *The jangle of ten thousand tuneless bells.*

The bells in Malta are rattled, not rung, and almost incessantly, on account of religious festivals, in honour of innumerable processions of monks, who are always
Hived in their several cells by sound of brass.

This incessant din is intolerable till you are habituated to it, and has led a commentator to suppose that Rabelais designed to figure Malta in his *Ile Sonnante*.

(4) *O'ergrown with greenwood is the Curate's rest, &c.*

Since writing this, the whole *exteriority* of the place, as an Italian would say, has been changed. The *Parson's nest has been taken, and the bird is flown*. The house is *gothicised*, almost laid open to the road, and made accessible by a sweep, as I am instructed to call it by Miss Austen's novels.

(5) *The painter's toll coeval with the deed.*

Though plate-armour had soon after that event been introduced, we do not find any admixture of it—not even in the helmets of the assassins—though we may conclude from their rank and station that they would have adopted it, if already used.

(6) *Deemed by our clowns a labour of the devil.*

Its proper name is the *Devil's Dyke*.

(7) *Who says that, looking from the land 'tis sweet
To view the labouring barque by billows beat.*

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ alterius magnum spectare laborem.
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas:
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.

Lucretius.

(8) *To the wise Samian's world of antitypes.*

Pythagoras.

(9) *The juice of paler grape which loves the gravel.*

The *vin de grave*, or gravel wine.

(10) *Vin de paille*, so called from the juice of which it is made running spontaneously from grapes laid upon hurdles and straw.

- (11) *Vouching that he should sin against divine
Precept, in mixing water with his wine.*

The prohibition exists not (I believe) either in the law or the prophets; but my attention has been directed to a note of Louth's, in D'Oyley's and Mant's Bible, which perhaps throws light upon this persuasion. It is a comment on the text of Esaiâ (chap. I.) "Thy silver is become dross; *thy wine mixed with water.*"

'An image used for the adulteration of wine, with more propriety than may at first appear, if what Thevenot says of the people of the Levant of late times was true of them formerly: he says, "they never mingle water with their wine to drink, but drink by itself what water they think proper for abating the strength of the wine." Whereas the Greeks and Latins by mixed wine understood wine diluted and lowered with water: the Hebrews generally mean by it wine made stronger by the addition of higher and more powerful ingredients.'

- (12) ——— *will live in Redi's rhyme.*

See his *Bacco in Toscana*, recently translated by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

- (13) *And we, taught by that teacher of times, tenses
And moods, and manners, 'wine should please four senses,' &c.*

Sunt cœnatice philosophiæ cum primis periti qui negant vinum esse probandum, nisi placeat quatuor sensibus; oculis colore; naribus odore; palato sapore; auribus, famâ et nomine.—*Erasmus in his Colloquies.*

A more precise mode of judging of wine by the ear is practised in some parts of Italy, where sound wine is distinguished from unsound by the noise of its run; precisely as with us good coin is distinguished from counterfeit by that of its ring.

- (14) *Faith! we might fathom Plato.*

His ability to sound the depths of Plato is perhaps warranted by the testamentary honor paid by that distinguished Platonist, Mr. Coleridge, to the person who is addressed.

- (15) *Whereof another bears away the praise.*

Lord Byron is usually considered as the naturaliser of this species of poetry, but had seen Mr. Frere's work before the publication of Beppo. He made this avowal to me at Venice, and said he should have inscribed Beppo to him that had served him as a model, if he had been sure it would not have been disagreeable, supposing (as I conclude) that some passages in it might have offended him.

- (16) *And how in that long war, a young sick giant
Was taken, &c.*

This part of the story, showing the development of the *green mind* of a giant under monkish discipline, was never printed.

- (17) ——— *the folkies of the sage
Famed for vain wisdom, that in Cecrops' town
Would fain have pulled time-honored custom down.*

This doctrine was first broached through the very able numbers on the Greek dramatists in the *Observer* of Cumberland, which are infinitely superior to the other essays of that publication, and of which he is suspected of having possessed himself from the papers of Bentley, author of *the Wishes*, and the friend of Gray, with whom he was connected by marriage. The same view of the character of Socrates has been recently taken by a German commentator.

- (18) *Which Touchstone calls 'the uncleanly stus of cat.'*

See *As You Like It*.

- (19) *And sick with sitting backwards in the coach.*

It is a common provincial elegance to have fish from London, even in coast towns.

- (20) *Whose talk is not of bullocks, but Bengal.*

A gentleman at one of these *Noctes*, asked a lady who sate next to him, by way of making conversation, if she had ever been in Italy! "No, Sir," (she replied) "but I have been twice to Bengal."

- (21) *No otherwise than Scrub in Farquhar's play, &c.*

See *The Beaus' Stratagem*.

- (22) *A preacher, &c.*

Jeremy Taylor.

- (23) ——— *and he, like that saint of old,
Deserves the title of the mouth of gold.*

St. Chrysostom.

(24) *So I the beverage which I mingle, stir,
Like that brave prelate, with a branch of myrrh.*

‘It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet: * * *
It will make the wine bitter, but wholesome.’—*J. Taylor, in his Marriage Ring.*

It was an ancient usage to stir drinks with some bitter vegetable, as small beer with rosemary, which I remember to have seen done by Pope’s Lord Marchmont, who had always a sprig placed by him upon the table.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOS.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

Dear Rogers, at your hint I have been fain
To versify this pithy tale of Spain,
Perhaps the growth of a more Southern shore,
Transplanted thither by invading moor ;
Which, being grafted where it has taken root,
Hath changed the form and colour of the fruit.
Yet stringing rhymes upon a tale which flows
So neatly and so naturally in prose,

May seem to some (and some who know what's what)

Akin to tying bladders to a cat :

Since—wind and wings to boot—when all is done,

She cannot fly so well as she can run :

But you (I find) are backed by La Fontaine :

He in a preface says, ' that stories gain

' By being versed,' and—what might make me bold,

And them, whose stories, like my own, are old—

' That stories gain by being often told.'

His word and yours should justify my deed ;

But, as few now his pleasant pages read,

Your warranty must keep my bark afloat ;

And victualled for short venture is the boat.

The Dean of Badajos was (report hath sed)

A scholar and a ripe one, and well read

In all the arts and sciences which rank a

Man highest in the schools of Salamanca,

Coimbra or Alcala ; nor was to seek

In Law or Logic, Latin or in Greek :

In schoolmen versed, in poets, epic, tragic,
 And comic, he knew every thing but magic.
 To lack such knowledge was a source of pain,
 For none (he deemed) could show that secret vein,
 Of all the learned men that lived in Spain.
 At last, and when least hoped, within his reach,
 He heard of one that could the science teach,
 Who at Toledo lived, of little fame ;
 And Don Torribio was his stile and name.

Scarce of his name assured and his abode,
 The dean was on his mule and on his road.
 He lighting at Toledo, to a lone,
 Mean dwelling by his muleteer was shown :
 And, as if all was moulded on one plan,
 Such as his modest mansion found the man ;
 To whom, due congees made, he thus began :
 ' I am the dean of Badajos. Is none
 ' In Seville, the Castilles, or Aragon,

' Nay—not from Cadiz to the Pyrenees,
 ' (Whatever are his honors, or degrees)
 ' But calls me Master ; yet were I by thee
 ' Called scholar, it a higher praise would be.
 ' Instruct me but in magic, I entreat,
 ' And bind me to thy service, hands and feet.'
 Although he piqued himself, as he might well,
 On keeping the best company in hell,
 Torribio dealt not (as my story teaches)
 In candied courtesies and flowery speeches ;
 But bluntly said, ' he had met such ill return
 ' From all that had repaired to him to learn,
 ' It was his firm resolve, that never more
 ' Would he reveal his prostituted lore.'
 —' And has the great Torribio been repaid
 ' In such base coin ?' the dean of Badajos said,
 And—as if such a thought had fired his blood—
 Poured forth so loud, so long and large a flood
 Of saws and sentences against the crime
 Of *foul ingratitude*, in prose and rhyme,

All on a foam with honest hate and scorn,
 That by the furious torrent overborne,
 The sage confessed, ' he could no more repel
 ' The advances of a man, who spoke so well :
 ' He *would* instruct him ; he would be his host ;'
 And from his window cried ; ' Jacintha, roast
 ' A brace of partridges ;' (this window looked
 Upon the kitchen where Jacintha cooked ;
 His cook and faithful housekeeper was she :)
 Adding, ' the dean of Badajos sups with me.'
 Next touched his pupil's brow, and said, (let not
 The words by thee, good reader, be forgot)
 ' *Ortobolan, Pistrasfier, Ornagriouf* :'
 Then of his zeal and art gave present proof ;
 Opened his books ; and with his pupil fell
 To work on sign and sigill, spirit and spell.

Master and scholar little time had read,
 Before a knock, strange voice, and heavy tread

Were heard; and lo! Jacintha, and with her
 A squat, square man, that seemed a messenger!
 Breathless he was, and fiery hot with haste,
 Splashed to the eyes, and booted to the waist.
 This courier was postillion to my lord,
 Bishop of Badajos; and he brought word,
 'The bishop' (who had for a long time been
 Ailing, and who was uncle to the dean)
 'Had had an apoplectic stroke, and lay
 'Upon his death-bed when he came away.'
 The dean, intent upon his long-sought art,
 Cursed messenger and uncle—but apart—
 And gravely bade the man return; 'he would
 'Follow (he added) with what haste he could.'
 But hardly was he gone before the twain,
 Wizard and dean, were at their work again.

Vainly, for lo! new messengers! but more
 Worth hearing were the tidings which they bore.

This new arrival was a deputation,
 Sent by the Chapter, who, in convocation
 Since the dean's uncle, their right reverend lord,
 The bishop, had been called to his reward,
 Had chosen him—as fittest found—to keep,
 And feed and fold his houseless, hungry sheep.
 Upon this hint Torribio spake : he paid
 The bishop a brief compliment, and said,
 ‘ He upon this occasion might fulfil
 ‘ His promises ; nor did he doubt his will.
 ‘ He had not yet informed him, he had a son,
 ‘ Who, wanting not in mother wit, had none
 ‘ For the dark sciences : whom he had ceased
 ‘ To press upon this point, and made a priest :
 ‘ Nor better bad his beads, nor said his *credo*,
 ‘ In all the many churches of Toledo.

 ‘ Then, since his pupil could not be at once
 ‘ A bishop and a dean, and *must* renounce

' The lesser dignity, he would outrun
 ' His wishes, if he gave it to his son.'
 Embarrassed was the dean; but cleared his eye
 And cloudy forehead, and thus made reply :
 ' It grieves me—grieves me greatly to refuse
 ' The first small boon for which Torribio sues :
 ' But a rich cousin, by my kin well seen,
 ' One that is only fit to be a dean,
 ' And who has promised I shall be his heir,
 ' Looks to my deanery ; and, should I dare
 ' Withhold the prize for which he hopes, I should
 ' Anger each man and woman of my blood.
 ' But a poor deanery in Estremadura
 ' Ill fits *his* son, to whom I would assure a
 ' More fitting and more profitable boon ;
 ' And surely this could compass late or soon ;
 ' Sooner or later, some new prize must fall ;
 ' And, since I must obey my clergy's call,
 ' Follow me, I beseech, and you shall be
 ' Friend, councillor, and all in all to me :

' Leave not, dear master ('tis my prayer) half done
 ' The work you have so happily begun ;
 ' And reckon on *his* gratitude, who knows
 ' The measure of the mighty debt he owes.'

After some pause, Torribio gave consent,
 And with him to his see of Badajos went ;
 Where, as if he had filled the high vicar's stall,
 He *was* to the archbishop all in all :
 Nay; by his conduct earned, and tongue and pen,
 Golden opinions of all sorts of men.

Beneath the guidance of so good a master,
 The bishop, if more cautiously, moved faster
 In magic, (for more steady was his pace)
 Than when he first began to run that race ;
 Learned study with his duties to combine ;
 And shaped himself withal so just a line,
 That throughout Spain, in country, town, and court,
 Fame of his worth and wisdom made report.

When lo ! into his lap—unlooked for—fell a
 New plumb, the archbishopric of Compostella.
 I should want words to tell, how at their loss
 Men—priests and people—mourned in Badajos :
 Whose Canons (their last token of respect)
 Besought their parting prelate to select
 One from among his many friends, to be
 His successor in that afflicted see.

The occasion was not by Torribio lost ;
 Who for his son again besought the post ;
 And was again refused the vacant place :
 But that with all imaginable grace :
 ‘ The archbishop felt such sorrow, felt such shame,
 ‘ At so postponing his preceptor’s claim :
 ‘ But could he a yet older claim withstand ?
 ‘ *That* of Don Ferdinand de Lara, grand
 ‘ Constable of Castile : for service done,
 ‘ He sought the windfall for a natural son.

' Bound to this Lord' (though visible relation
 Was none between them) ' by old obligation,
 ' He paid a debt; and hence might be inferred,
 ' How well with all he kept his plighted word.'
 This fact, however it might make him grieve,
 Torribio had the goodness to believe;
 At *his* rare fortune that had gained the good,
 Which he had lost, rejoiced as best he cou'd;
 And, as before at Badajoz, went to dwell at
 His see of Compostella with the prelate.

So little there those two were to remain,
 That the remove was hardly worth their pain.
 Soon the archbishop to a better home
 Was summoned by a chamberlain from Rome,
 With scarlet hat and brief: ' the holy father
 (That brief declared in full) ' desired to gather
 ' Wisdom and knowledge from his mouth, whose name
 ' Was noised through Christendom by clamorous fame;

‘ And left him power again to appoint—that lesser

‘ Might be his church’s sorrow—his successor.’

Torribio was not with his reverend chief,

When the pope’s chamberlain brought hat and brief.

He to Toledo for some days had gone,

It chanced, upon a visit to his son ;

Who (for his course had been more slow than sure)

Was living there upon a paltry cure :

But, being now returned, was spared the pain

Of suing for the vacant see in vain :

Him the archprelate went to meet ; he prest

With open arms Torribio to his breast ;

And cried ; ‘ you have heard good news ; now hear the best. }

‘ Now have I two to tell, instead of one ;

‘ I have been made a cardinal, and your son

‘ A cardinal as well shall briefly be ;

‘ Or I have no credit with the holy see.

‘ I had predestined him my vacant throne :

‘ But mark *his* evil fortune, nay, *my own* ;

‘ My mother, left at Badajos, when we
 ‘ Were called to Compostella, wrote to me,
 ‘ While you, dear Sir, were to Toledo gone,
 ‘ *Unless my mitre was bestowed on Don*
 ‘ *Pablos de Salasàr, her ancient friend*
 ‘ *And her confessor, it would be her end.*
 ‘ And such, I well believe, would be the case.
 ‘ Now put yourself, dear master, in my place :
 ‘ Say ; would you kill your mother ?’ and he sighed.
 Not of a kind to counsel matricide,
 Torribio was, in truth, or in appearance
 Content, nor cursed the beldam’s interference.
 But—would you sift the story—she whose will
 The pious son pretended to fulfill,
 This earnest advocate was old, and fat,
 And foolish, seeing but her maid and cat ;
 And, as on all sides it was said, (Heaven bless her)
 Knew not the very name of her confessor.
 Was it not rather at the instigation
 Of a Gallician lady, a relation

Of this Don Pablos, it was brought about,
 A hospitable widow and devout ?
 Thus much is sure ; the prelate used to vaunt
 This pious woman's wine of Alicant ;
 Called her unfailing flask ' the widow's cruize,'
 And often blest her ollas and ragouts.

However this might be, in friendly sort
 Master and pupil sought the papal court :
 Wherein as well the cardinal was seen,
 As everywhere he heretofore had been ;
 As popular with priest as pope, a vote, a
 Word from his lips sufficed to rule the *rota*.
 While thus acknowledged, pope and priesthood's guide,
 Yea, in his height of fame the pontiff died.
 And, lo ! unanimous the conclave were
 In calling him to fill St. Peter's chair.
 The holy father solemnly proclaimed—
 A private audience Don Torribio claimed ;

And wept for pleasure while he kist *his* feet,
 Who filled so worthily the sacred seat.
 ‘ He then to faithful services referred,
 ‘ And to the pope recalled his plighted word :
 ‘ Scarce hinted at the hat he had laid down,
 ‘ When he exchanged it for the triple crown :
 ‘ But limited his suit to one short prayer ;
 ‘ Would he *now* make his helpless son his care ?
 ‘ He would be well contented with possessing
 ‘ The means of life, if sweetened with his blessing.
 ‘ He on *his* part renounced each brighter vision ;
 ‘ And sought but for his needs such small provision
 ‘ As might supply (enough would be a feast)
 ‘ The wants of a philosopher and priest.’
 Meanwhile to him, that deemed he’d gained his scope,
 And knew enough of magic for a pope,
 And now could ill frequent the sabbath revels
 Of witches with hobgoblins, ghosts and devils,
 His friend Torribio had become a thorn
 In the flesh, a thing no longer to be borne :

The holy father took his line, and stout
 In the resolve forthwith to pluck it out,
 Eyed the magician with a mien severe,
 And to his suppliant cried, ' I grieve to hear,
 ' You under false pretences of appliance
 ' To hidden studies and mysterious science,
 ' Dabble with spell, and deal with demon ; crimes
 ' The Christian church hath punished in all times.
 ' It would much irk me to pronounce your doom :
 ' But, if you four days hence are found in Rome,
 ' Beware the secular arm, lest you expire,
 ' As well your sins deserve, in penal fire.'
 He ended frowning ; but, unmoved in look,
 Torribio heard the threat ; and simply spoke
 Anew the three mysterious words reversed,
 (Words not to be forgot) by him rehearsed
 When he received the dean beneath his roof ;
Ortoloban, Pistrafier, Ornagriouf.
 And called aloud (as he whilere had done)
 From the open window, ' You need dress but one

' Partridge, Jacintha ; for my friend, the dean,
' Does not sup with me.' Then evanished clean
The scholar's vision: on the clock he cast
His eyes, and saw but one short hour had past,
Since, with intent to study magic lore,
He had first darkened Don Torribio's door :
An hour which seemed to fill his every wish up;
That made him from a simple dean a bishop,
Bishop, archbishop, cardinal and pope :
Yet all was but a bubble blown from soap :
He in that hour had stirred not from his stool ;
And that short hour had stamped him knave and fool.

THE TALISMAN.

A TALE INSCRIBED TO TWEEDY JOHN TODD, M.D., OF
BRIGHTON.

Thou hast read many books, and thou hast trod
Strange land, and on strange sea hast spread thy sail :
But, wide as thou hast ranged or read, dear Todd,
Haply thou hast not heard or read my tale,
Writ by king's hest in characters of gold ;
But which my friend James Morier leaves untold.

' Though I've been made to eat much dirt by thee,
' Wishing thy shadow never may be less,' .
 (To speak like Hajji Baba), as a fee,
 This Persian story I to thee address ;
 Which—and no pithier tells the tell-tale Parrot— (1)
 Thou may'st digest with thy Shiraz or Claret. (2)

A youth had done a genie a good turn
 At Teflis ; and it is the common burden
 Of fairy tale, or song that all men earn,
 Who serve such masters, some sufficient guerdon :
 Hence, in acquittal of the debt he owed,
Mine on the youth a talisman bestowed.

A talisman hath turned a flying host ;
 Nay, hath done all that the possessor willed :
 This, as its only wonder, showed the ghost
 Of any one that any one had killed :
 The spirit watching at *his* door, by whom
 The body had been hurried to the tomb.

Rare gift ! But neither Omar's man or Ali's man (8)
 Curd, Christian, worshipper of fire, or Jew,
 Could understand the purpose of this talisman,
 Or guess what kind of good it was to do.
 For, should you put the question widely, most
 Would say 'they should not like to see a ghost.'

This is so true, that those who've had a seasoning,
 And seen one, fear to see a ghost again ;
 A fear which, were it founded upon reasoning,
 And not on feeling, I should say was vain.
 For if a spirit is the death of me ;
 Doing his worst, I am no worse than he.

Though from such idle terror free, with wonder
 His wages, strange and new, the stripling saw ;
 But, for he thought there might be something under
 The cards, and of the giver stood in awe,
 He of this *necroscope* with large profession
 Of thanks, and seeming pleasure took possession.

That which may help or harm can no man tell:
 (So blind or so short-sighted is our skill !)
 A mistress worshipt by the youth, then well,
 A short time afterwards was taken ill ;
 And—as a warning not to choose a fool,
 Or knave for leech—the gift might be a rule.

Armed with his talisman, he sought a doctor,
 Seeking—as well may be supposed—the best ;
 But, having reached his house, before he knocked, or
 Rang, took the precious touchstone from his breast :
 And lo ! a ghastly, ghostly troop of men,
 Women and children, thronged their murderer's den !

Again his talisman the lover pursed;
 And sought him next in name ; and lo ! a band,
 Though thinner than what swarmed about the first,
 Crowded the doctor's door on either hand !
 Thus he, in seeking all whose fame was vaunted,
 Found one and all in like proportion haunted.

And now despairing utterly to find
 A mediciner more prompt to cure than kill,
 He heard of one who (it was said) combined,
 Though young and modest, learning, tact, and skill :
 To him he went, resolved to test his lore,
 And only found one spirit at his door.

Him courteously the learned host saluted,
 And asked withal his purpose and his name.
 These said—he next subjoined ; ‘that hearing bruited
 ‘ His many merits by recording Fame,
 ‘ He came his needful succour to beseech ;
 ‘ And told the lady’s case :’ to whom the leech :

‘ If it be true my merits are recorded
 ‘ By Fame, (he spoke with some degree of pet,)
 ‘ I cannot choose but think them ill rewarded ;
 ‘ Since but one patient have I had as yet.’
 No more the astounded lover hears ; but posts
 To his first choice, the man of many ghosts.

Not as in grave or graceful learning read,
(Though strong in both) I tell this tale to thee,
But, that though lame and blind, and deaf and *dead*
In law, thou hast not made a ghost of me :
Nay,—though I lack the succour of a staff,
Hast left me life enough to limp and laugh.

NOTES.

(1) *Which—and no pithier tells the tell-tale Parrot—*

See the Tooti Nameh, or Tales of a Parrot.

(2) *Thou may'st digest with thy Shiràs or Claret.*

Te conviva legat mixto quincunce.

(3) *Rare gift! But neither Omar's man or Ali's man*

The Mahometan world is divided into the two sects of Omar and Ali.

THESSALIAN WITCHERIES.

I many tales might preface with *Non meus*
Hic sermo : This is from the GOLDEN ASS
Of that Milesian mystic, Apuleius ;
Divine enchanter ! in whose magic glass
We see strange phantoms, which approach or flee us ;
While in succession, o'er its surface pass,
Or only pause to play some wild vagary,
Wizard or witch, hobgoblin, fiend or fairy.

Rhyming thee, may it not offend thy ghost, O
 Rare Apuleius, if I disarrange
 Thy masque and mummers ; bating Ariosto,
 Whose story is not better for some change ?
 Were they retouched, the tales of Cadamosto,*
 And Marco Polo, would appear less strange.
 Some deem all wholly false, or wholly sooth ;
 Yet lies are often but the lees of truth.

Still it requires a wary hand and eye
 In him, that would decant the mixture clean :
 Nay, he would mar its savour, taste and dye,
 Who should its dregs too nicely drain and screen.
 This say I in my own excuse, lest I
 Should fail myself to hit the golden mean :
 A lie, or liar, not more Achilles loathed : (1)
 But some like naked Truth, I like her clothed.

* *Cà da mosto*, in Venetian.

Yet some a naked lie may deem my say,
 So passing full it is of magic freaks ;
 But to the point ; for I no more will play
 The part of prologue ; it is Lucius speaks—
 ‘ When young, to Thessaly I took my way ;
 ‘ As is the common practice with us Greeks ;
 ‘ To trade, or study things untaught by charts
 ‘ And books ; as men and manners, arms and arts.

‘ Bound on this venture, without wit or fear, I
 ‘ Set forward on a nimble, home-bred hack ;
 ‘ Now threading grassy vale, now climbing dreary
 ‘ Mountain, now plodding by some beaten track :
 ‘ When (for my horse waxed weak, and I was weary
 ‘ With such long sitting) I dismount, and slack
 ‘ His girths, and lead him loosely by the rein,
 ‘ Making a roving meal on grass or grain.

' While, right and left, he cropt the juicy fare
 ' And brows'd at will on blossom, leaf and stalk,
 ' Lo ! I was overtaken by a pair
 ' That had dismounted, like myself to walk :
 ' For a hill lay before us steep and bare.
 ' Engaged they were in fast and furious talk :
 ' When to his comrade one exclaimed, " " Now fye !
 ' " Out on such measureless and monstrous lie ! "

' Thus he, when I struck in between the two
 ' (Who climbed that hill with heavy step and slow)
 ' I, evermore athirst for what is new—
 ' And cried ; what startles his belief, pray show
 ' To me, as curious in strange things, and who
 ' All things, or all I can at least, would know.
 ' So you the mountain way shall well beguile,
 ' And with your wonders cheat a weary mile.

‘ Then he that the discourse had first begun ;
 ‘ “ Nay ; what he calls a lie, is no less clear
 ‘ “ Than that, compelled by magick, rivers run
 ‘ “ Back to their source, that charms in their career
 ‘ “ Arrest the panting wind, eclipse the sun ;
 ‘ “ Dim mid-day, gild the night, and stars unsphere.”
 Emboldened by this speech, I cry anew
 ‘ I pray you, yet again, your tale pursue.

‘ Then, turning to that other, you impeach
 ‘ The truth of what is fact, for aught you know ;
 ‘ Because, forsooth, it seems to you a breach
 ‘ Of Nature’s law ; yet haply *seems* but so ;
 ‘ In that it is above your reason’s reach :
 ‘ And Time, great teacher, may hereafter show,
 ‘ Not only that it squares with natural laws,
 ‘ But that it rests on plain and simple cause.

‘ Supping one evening on polenta, seasoned
 ‘ With cheese, amid some comrades at my board,
 ‘ A little morsel, sticking in my weasand,
 ‘ Had well-nigh choaked me ; yet for small reward
 ‘ I since have seen a mountebank, with ease and
 ‘ Safety, at Athens swallow a drawn sword :
 ‘ Before the Pœcile, where many meet,
 ‘ Myself with these two eyes beheld the feat.

‘ But thou, so rashly checked, again begin
 ‘ Thy tale ; I will believe, for him and me ;
 ‘ And at the hostel where we next shall inn
 ‘ To-day, thy dinner at my cost shall be.
 ‘ “ Grammercy !” said that wight, “ but ere I win
 ‘ “ By such small waste of breath the promised fee,
 ‘ “ I swear by yonder sun in all his glory,
 ‘ “ To every tittle of my questioned story.

' " Nor you yourself will doubt that it is true,
 ' " When we have reached the next Thessalian town ;
 ' " Where what I shall relate was done, and through
 ' " The barbers' shops is bruited, up and down.
 ' " But, first of all, the calling I pursue,
 ' " And where I live, to you I will make known :
 ' " Bred in Ægina, I employ my money
 ' " In purchasing fresh cheese and Ætna honey.

' " With such and suchlike merchandize withal
 ' " Through Thessaly I drive a roving trade :
 ' " When hearing, how prime cheese had had a fall
 ' " At Hypata (so on the road was said)
 ' " In the resolve that I would purchase all,
 ' " With the best haste I could, I thither made ;
 ' " But an old trader (Lupus was his name)
 ' " Had swept the market clean before I came.

‘ “ At eve, I wearied by my bootless speed,
 ‘ “ Unbated to the baths, at leisure go ;
 ‘ “ Where, seated on the ground—his only weed
 ‘ “ A tattered quilt, and wholly altered, lo !
 ‘ “ Socrates ! in whose mien I hardly read
 ‘ “ An ancient comrade, changed by want and woe.” ’
 ‘ Even such besiege the traveller on his road,
 ‘ Until his scanty offering is bestowed.

‘ “ To whom I cried—My Socrates, what madness
 ‘ “ Is this ? At home you are bewailed as dead ;
 ‘ “ And she that weeps your loss in gloomy sadness,
 ‘ “ Nigh blinded by the flood of sorrow shed,
 ‘ “ Has been enforced, with counterfeited gladness,
 ‘ “ (Constrained by friends and kin) again to wed :
 ‘ “ While like a sheeted ghost that hovers near
 ‘ “ Its lonely sepulchre, you linger here.” ’

‘ “ Ah ! Aristomenes,” ’ the wretch replied,
 ‘ “ Fortune’s deceitful turns you little know ;” ’
 ‘ And drawing up the scanty quilt to hide
 ‘ His crimsoning face, all over in a glow,
 ‘ (For shame his cheeks with deepest red had dyed)
 ‘ Left body and limbs exposed to sight below,
 ‘ I, at this piteous spectacle astound,
 ‘ Extend my hand to raise him from the ground.

‘ Then he, with head and visage veiled from view,
 ‘ “ Leave me, oh ! leave me to my misery,” ’ ‘ sed,’
 ‘ But raising him withal, I one of two
 ‘ Vests which I wore, about his body spread :
 ‘ Then him, well kneaded in the cleansing stew,
 ‘ Washed and anointed to my hostel led ;
 ‘ There made him on an easy couch recline,
 ‘ And heartened him with food and cordial wine.

' I, thinking wine will make his sorrows fly,
 ' Spare not the jest nor let the goblet stand.
 ' When heaving from his inmost breast a sigh,
 ' Socrates smote his forehead with his hand,
 ' And cried aloud,' " Beshrew the time, that I
 ' " In the desire to see a famous band,
 ' " Where gladiators were matched of mighty name,
 ' " In evil hour to this cursed city came.

' " Throughout all Macedonia, as you know,
 ' " And neighbouring towns have I been wont to trade ;
 ' " But from my beat diverged, to see this show,
 ' " And in a valley was by thieves o'erlaid ;
 ' " Who stript me to my shirt ; then let me go.
 ' " Here first a hostess harboured me, unpaid,
 ' " Hight Meröe, old but debonaire, who fed,
 ' " Lodged me, and made me partner of her bed.

‘ “ Thus hath my fortune, and some secret curse
 ‘ “ To the foul state, wherein you found me, led.”
 ‘ — Yea, and you well deserve your fate, and worse,
 ‘ If worse withal can be,—to him I sed—
 ‘ Who—wife and children left—here drain your purse
 ‘ And veins, and surfeit in a strumpet’s bed.
 ‘ But he, aghast and startled—“ On your life,
 ‘ “ Speak not so lightly of a gifted wife.”

‘ Then layed his finger to his lip ; when I ;
 ‘ Who is this gifted wife, this wine-house queen ?
 ‘ “ A witch and potent one,” (was his reply) ;
 ‘ “ Who rules the raging sea, puts strife between
 ‘ “ The elements, lifts the earth and lowers the sky,
 ‘ “ Stops river, and rends rock, and walks, unseen.”
 ‘ Pull off the tragic buskin, I beseech,
 ‘ (Quoth I) and tell your tale in plainer speech.

‘ “ To speak her (he made answer) as is due,
 ‘ “ Would weary both the hearer and the teller :
 ‘ “ Hence of her deeds will I rehearse but few :
 ‘ “ A vintner, rival of her trade and dweller
 ‘ “ In Hypata, condemned her spite to rue,
 ‘ “ Changed to a frog, now croaks in his own cellar :
 ‘ “ A lawyer she transformed, amid her feats,
 ‘ “ To a ram, that in the forum butts and bleats.

‘ “ By her have many suchlike deeds been done
 ‘ “ Daily, and many more of deeper dye :
 ‘ “ Whereof report throughout the city run,
 ‘ “ Until the townsmen raised a general cry ;
 ‘ “ And with the morrow’s light resolved to stone
 ‘ “ That witch, the rabble gathered, far and nigh :
 ‘ “ But while the moody mob prepared their arms,
 ‘ “ She foiled their foolish purpose with her charms,

‘ “ For, by rites done in a sepulchral ditch,
‘ “ Wherein all night the beldam prayed or curst,
‘ “ She prisoned in their houses, poor and rich ;
‘ “ As she amid her cups to me rehearsed :
‘ “ Nor (such the might of the malicious witch)
‘ “ Could any wall, or door, or window burst ;
‘ “ Till all, but one, had purchased their release
‘ “ By prayer, and promise pledged of future peace.

‘ “ That one, who had the dangerous deed proposed,
‘ “ For signal vengeance, on this busy night,
‘ “ She—in his dwelling, like the rest, inclosed—
‘ “ By help of fiend or other hellish sleight,
‘ “ Transported, house and all, while he reposed,
‘ “ To city, seated on a barren height :
‘ “ But, for there was not room within the town,
‘ “ Without the gates she set her burden down.”

' As dire as wonderful is this—I sed—
 ' My Socrates ; and what you tell has made
 ' Such an impression on me, that I dread
 ' Lest this thy Merœe, by some devilish aid,
 ' Should overhear our talk : let us to bed,
 ' That we for earlier flight may be arraid.
 ' Seek we in sleep a truce from present sorrow,
 ' And fly, as far as we can flee, to-morrow.

' While so I would persuade to early rest
 ' My willing comrade, I perceive him shroud
 ' His head beneath the quilt, who soon opprest
 ' By Bacchus and by Ceres, snored aloud.
 ' But I, ere I betake me to my nest,
 ' (For phantoms, raised by his recital, crowd
 ' My seething brain) all ways and means devise,
 ' To guard, as best I can, against surprise.

‘ I well survey the chamber ; round the floor,
 ‘ Ceiling, and wall, and skirting closely peep,
 ‘ And prop my truckle-bed against the door ;
 ‘ But vainly woo therein the sweets of sleep.
 ‘ The God, averſe, my restless couch forebore,
 ‘ Nor with his balmy dew my eyes would steep :
 ‘ At last, o’erwatched, their weary lids I close,
 ‘ And sink into a sort of dreamy doze.

‘ Brief was that doze : as by a clap of thunder,
 ‘ The door was burst ; the truckle-bed o’erturned ;
 ‘ And, like a tortoise, looking out from under
 ‘ My shell, two aged women I discerned ;
 ‘ Whereof (I gazed with mingled fear and wonder)
 ‘ One bore a sponge and faulchion ; a lamp burned
 ‘ In the other’s hand. When she that had the sword ;
 ‘ “ Lo ! my Endymion ! lo ! my plighted lord !

‘ “ By whom, my sister Panthia, I was wood
 ‘ “ And won ; who now defames me, and would fly.
 ‘ “ Abandoned to eternal solitude,
 ‘ “ Like lone Calypso in her cave, shall I
 ‘ “ Weep my Ulysses’ loss ?” (with that she showed
 ‘ Where trembling underneath my bed I lie)
 ‘ Then ; “ lo ! his counsellor, half dead with fright,
 ‘ “ Planner and partner of his purposed flight !

‘ “ Who now beholds us, and expects (I trow)
 ‘ “ The unpunished storier of my shame to be :
 ‘ “ But before long ; nay ; speedily—nay ; now—
 ‘ “ His folly shall receive a fitting fee.”
 ‘ At hearing this, cold damps bedewed my brow ;
 ‘ And, heaving like a short and hollow sea,
 ‘ The inverted bed repeated every throe
 ‘ And throb, which shook my quivering limbs below.

‘ “ Say, shall we piecemeal tear the meddling groom ?”
 ‘ To her armed sister gentle Panthia cried :
 ‘ To whom she of the sword and sponge, and whom
 ‘ I knew for Meroë by her talk, replied :
 ‘ “ Nay, let him live ; if ’tis but to intomb
 ‘ “ The wretch’s carcase, whom he thought to guide.”
 ‘ This said, the gullet of my friend, who snored
 ‘ Supine, the beldam opened with her sword.

‘ Ready with lamp and sponge, that other stood,
 ‘ And stopt the gaping wound and stanchèd the gore.
 ‘ And “ Sponge, (she muttered,) born in briny flood,
 ‘ “ Pass no fresh water,”⁽²⁾ then with horrid roar
 ‘ Of laughter, that unholy pair bestrode
 ‘ My helpless body, stretched upon the floor ;
 ‘ Dragged from beneath my truckle-bed to light ;
 ‘ And doomed, in turn, to feel their loathsome spite.

‘ But I, that loathsome spite will not proclaim,
‘ Lest me some direr mischief should befall.
‘ And that forsooth their deed of scorn and shame
‘ I fain would nevermore to mind recall.
‘ The sister witches vanished as they came,
‘ Their double vengeance satisfied ; and all
‘ Seemed as it was ; the bed replaced ; the door
‘ Secured by hasp and hinges, as before.

‘ Heartless with horror, fear and grief I lay ;
‘ Till a new terror dispossess the old ;
‘ It came into my mind, that men might say,
‘ That I had killed my comrade for his gold :
‘ Moved by this fear, I rose before the day,
‘ And sought my sleeping host, to whom I told
‘ A tale of pressing business to be done ;
‘ And how I must depart ere rise of sun.

‘ “ What (cried the dreaming drunkard half asleep)
 ‘ “ Start at this hour when thieves beset the road ?”
 ‘ — He well may laugh at thieves, where others weep,
 ‘ (Quoth I) whose wallet with small pelf is stowed.
 ‘ “ — Hast slain thy friend, that thou would’st start ere peep
 ‘ “ Of dawn, and cheat the gallows of its load ?”
 ‘ Rejoined the churl. Hell opened, as he said,
 ‘ With all its woes and torments of the dead.

‘ Despairing, I returned : I sought and found
 ‘ (For nought but death remained) the means to die
 ‘ In an old rope, wherewith my bed was bound :
 ‘ I mount my couch, then noose my neck, and tye
 ‘ The cord to a beam ; but, fretted and unsound,
 ‘ The halter broke, and falling headlong, I
 ‘ Tumbled on Socrates, beside whose bed
 ‘ I had my own, for more assurance, spread.

‘ When lo ! the host ! who shouted—“ Where art thou,
 ‘ “ That wast desirous to depart at night ;
 ‘ “ Erewhile so eager to be gone, who now
 ‘ “ Liest snoring, like a sluggard, when ’tis light ?”
 ‘ — With that upsprang my friend, and cried ; “ I trow
 ‘ “ All travellers hate these cursed hosts aright.
 ‘ “ Unless he came to rob a sleeping guest,
 ‘ “ Why should this rascal mar my morning rest ?”

‘ — See, slanderer, see my father, friend and brother !
 ‘ (I, in an extacy of pleasure say)
 ‘ The man you deemed I murdered, for no other
 ‘ Reason, than that I rose before ’twas day.
 ‘ And, in my joy, I would embrace and smother
 ‘ My friend with kisses, but he sayed me, “ nay ;”
 ‘ And cried, “ who washed thee with this filthy lotion,
 ‘ “ Not to be cleansed by all the waves of ocean ?”

‘ Meer madman that I am ! thought I, and yet
 ‘ I vainly looked for blood and sponge and seam :
 ‘ Then cried ; ’tis said that having drunk or eat
 ‘ Largely breeds dreadful visions, and I deem,
 ‘ Nay wot ’tis so, who feared to find you wet
 ‘ With blood, on waking from a hideous dream.
 ‘ Then he, “ I know not, I, if Bacchus nurse
 ‘ “ Such thoughts ; but find you wet with something worse.

‘ “ I too have dreamed—and yet I feel the smart—
 ‘ “ Have dreamed, my throat was opened with a sword,
 ‘ “ And through the wound one dragged my bleeding heart :
 ‘ “ Even now upon his throne my bosom’s lord
 ‘ “ Sits heavily, my legs refuse their part ;
 ‘ “— I faint, unless you furnish forth your hoard.”
 ‘ We then, for shelter from the brighter beam,
 ‘ Had stopt beneath a plane-tree, by a stream ;

‘ A limpid stream, but lazy ; which through trees,
 ‘ Of different bark and branch, meandering played ;
 ‘ Here I undid my store, and bread and cheese,
 ‘ (A traveller’s meal) before my comrade layed ;
 ‘ Who fed with fury : I, though ill at ease,
 ‘ Eating myself as well, his cheer surveyed,
 ‘ My mind still harping, as his vigor flags,
 ‘ On that foul vision and those midnight hags.

‘ Filled full of food, he sought the river side ;
 ‘ There kneeling, stoopt his head to drink ; and lo !
 ‘ The ill destined wretch’s wesand opened wide,
 ‘ And the sponge fell into the wave below ;
 ‘ Straightway the life-blood, welling freely, dyed
 ‘ The waters of that silvery brook and slow ;
 ‘ And but that I was ready at his side,
 ‘ His corpse had dropt into the crimsoning tide.

- ‘ In sudden dangers we do mostly right ;
- ‘ Wrong, when we muse upon what should be done :
- ‘ I think because we have no time for fright,
- ‘ Where we must take an instant part, or none.
- ‘ My friend I mourned and buried as I might ;
- ‘ Then, as if followed by the Furies, run
- ‘ Far from these lands where I was wont to roam,
- ‘ And wived and settled in a distant home.

- ‘ Thus Aristomenes by hill and dale,
- ‘ Bore me, unwearied with his wonderous say ;
- ‘ But pleased not him, that in the selfsame scale
- ‘ Would earth and air and fire and water weigh.
- ‘ With this we reached a cross-road, of that tale
- ‘ The end, as well as of our common way :
- ‘ I follow *that* which to my harbour led ;
- ‘ They, bound to different port, another tread.’

NOTES.

(1) *A lie or liar, not more Achilles loathed.*

See Achilles' unqualified detestation of a liar in the beginning of the Iliad.

(2) *And "Sponge (she muttered,) born in briny flood,
Pass no fresh water."*

The idea of a spell holding good till it came in contact with running water (which seems to be recognized in the tale of Tam O'Shanter) is of great antiquity. It may, however, possibly have originated in the appropriate part assigned to the sponge on this occasion.

GUNDIMORE. (1)

ADDRESSED TO THE SIGNOR AMBROGIO BERCHET, OF BRIGHTON, LATE
SUPERIOR OFFICER OF THE STAFF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY, MEMBER OF
THE LEGION OF HONOR, CAVALIER OF THE IRON CROWN, AND OF THE
CONSTANTINIAN ORDER OF ST. GEORGE.

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ,

(As I, like Ugo Foscolo, may sing thee),

Who having learned in youth some touch of art,

Hast for occasion laid the gift apart ; (2)

Which steads thee well, escaped from Russian snows,

And chased from hallowed home, and brief repose ; (3)

I know not any one to whom I better

Of my acquaintance, can address this letter,

Painting *casino* on Italian scheme,
 When Italy was but a poet's dream :
 Though little in my garden has been changed,
 Since I in Roman field and Tuscan ranged.

In the first place I would have you understand
 That I have built my house upon the strand ;
 Which, for no other cause than that 'tis small,
 The native squirearchy a cottage call ;
 Though no pine-pillars, wreathed with woodbine, prop
 Its porch, nor has the house a toadstool top,
 Nor gable ends ; nor lawn close shaved and level ;
 Nor double coachhouse, which delights the devil.⁽⁴⁾

A gallery-room upon a garden looks,
 Which was my library when I had books ;
 A Doric portico projects before
 Its windows, with a tessellated floor ;
 (Where double-visaged terms, like *Lares* stand,
 Such as sage Tully loved,⁽⁵⁾ on either hand)

Catching the first glance of morn's opening eye,
 And all the laughing sunshine of the sky ;
 But a defence against meridian heat,
 When the descending beams too fiercely beat :
 Upon its ceiling, in warm tints are shown
 A burning mountain, and a roofless town ;
 Which seems (so small its forum and its fanes,
 Its tiny dwellings and its narrow lanes,) }
 A city of the Pigmies sacked by Cranes.
 In front, a windmill feeds a fount from well :
 This in mid garden falls, and fills a shell,
 Whose chrystal waters, poppling, overflow
 Their conch into a larger pool below ;
 And patter, in a quick repeated shower,
 Upon a floating bed of leaf and flower ;
 Beneath whose latticed leaves, white cups, and through
 Whose stems, dart fish of gold and silver hue :
 Varying with every wind the pillar whirls,
 And from its top shakes down a shower of pearls.

Washed by the sea, and flanked by double mount,
 A terrace, formed like fan, girds gallery, fount,
 And garden ; where parterre and walk, in guise
 Of antique theatre, are seen to rise.
 From the *outer* part I view the sea and shore,
 While I *within* but hear the watery roar.
 So may I, if the hubbub din of life
 Must needs be heard, live distant from its strife !
 Here a dyke serves the terrace to divide
 Into two walks ; *that* on the inner side,
 O'erlooks (as said) the garden, fount and tree ;
 The *outer* overhangs the foaming sea.
 The dyke within is masqued with ilex-screen ;
 Without by feathery tamarisk's paler green :
 I' the middle is a gilded iron gate,
 Which to my garden gives a ' touch of state ;'
 And (as elsewhere but lighted from on high),
 Lets in a look at the horizontal sky.⁽⁶⁾
 The outer walk, which with a wider span
 Spreads, like the upper portion of a fan,

Towards the sea, is fenced with balustrade,
 Or (more correctly) with dwarf-colonnade ;
 Copied from *that* in the *Palazzo Pitti*,
 One of the graces of the Tuscan city.

There is a bedroom at the gallery's end :
 A kitchen and an anti-room extend
 Behind it; and a passage hid with holly,
 Leads to what on our coast *was* called a Folly,⁽⁷⁾
 Where sycamore, with clustering groundsel blent
 And tamarisk, weatherfends a Persian tent;
 Fitted as for the lodging of a Kan,
 With curtain, figured cushions, and divan,
 Water-pipe,—every thing a Kan could need,
 And Persian motto, which I cannot read;
 By Hajj Babâa writ, my welcome guest,
 What time that worthy pilgrim travelled west ;
 Whom I on clown and squire of decent rental
 Palmed as a pure and portly oriental ;

My tent stands on a sandbank, overright
 Fair Vectis'* northern cliff, and Needle-light.
 Eastward, I see another pharos gleam,
 To guide the bark through Solent's† narrow stream :
 Westward, our headland and our haven's mouth ;
 And wider world of waters to the south ;
 Which finish in a level line and high,
 Dotted with sails that fringe the lower sky.

Oft was I wont to leave my garden-home,
 To see old Ocean's angry billows foam ;
 Or, when the *distant* sea was of one hue,
 And from the shore the summer land-wind blew,
 Have marked the in-shore swell, and heard it burst
 And hiss, from Hengistbury-head to Hurst.

Meanwhile I fear no carping critic's raillery
 Upon my *Persian* tent and *Grecian* gallery ;

* The Latin name for the Isle of Wight.

† The ancient name for the channel which divides the island from the mainland.

In that no critic in *one* point of view
 (They are so shrouded) can discern the two.
 Good bedrooms back the tent, and some, like small
 Cells in a convent, line the passage-wall ;
 Which (as before related) runs between
 The tent, and gallery, hid by holly-screen :
 Each with a chimney, window, chair, and mat,
 And room to swing a cot, if not a cat.

From gate to postern, whence I wont to sally,
 When the alarm-bell rang, ⁽⁸⁾ extends an alley :
 Here marbles, brought from southern region, where
 I have loved to wander, if not rich or rare,
 Bring back departed vision to the view
 Of brighter sun, and sea and sky more blue.
 And, like Italian artist's *studio*, rich in
 Fragments of ancient sculpture is my kitchen,
 Which stands in the alley, and displays a store
 Of bas reliefs from the Lavinian shore :

Such accessories (good and bad) are all,
 — Some bricks displaced,—inserted in the wall.

Others, in Rome accustomed to conduce
 To vulgar needs, are also turned to use.
 Thus I, where pump would scarce appear in place,
 With a pilaster's shaft the barrel case;
 Whence Seneca's wide mouth is made to utter
 Water in place of wisdom : for a gutter
 In pagan Rome, the *terra cotta* masque,
 As now at home, performs this humble task.
 An *ara* forms the reservoir below,
 Into whose hollow the waste waters flow:
 Clarke has described this altar, which I bore
 With me from *Asia Minor's* classic shore,
 In Adrian's spirit ; though I cannot fill a
 Garden and house, as he adorned his villa.

Because late winter cuts yet growing shoot,
 Which rots before 'tis ripe, I have no fruit :

But grow rare herbs, if neither peach nor pine,
And have a greenhouse with a muscat vine.

Yet if my garden scanty food supply
For dainty palate, or for curious eye,
Here have I hailed a prince,⁽⁹⁾ whose high renown
Borrows no lustre from a regal crown ;
And (lodged what has been deemed a higher grace,)
‘ Chief out of war and statesman out of place ;’
As him, that ere he doffed the crimson cap,
With conquering cannon thundered at Gemappe ;
Him raised too late to Britain’s proudest post,
Too soon to his desiring country lost ;
Fashioned in schools of Athens and of Rome,
And fired by brave examples found at home ;
Whom heavy spirits censured, as unfit
For rule, because a scholar and a wit.
Who, long sagacious of the rising gale,
Had wisely for the tempest trimmed his sail ;⁽¹⁰⁾

Unlike the steersman, who, unskilled to guide
 The ship, would stem unnavigable tide ;
 And less like him who thinking vain to strive
 With wind and weather, lets the vessel drive ;
 And deems that he has bought short safety cheap,
 Flinging her riches to the ravening deep.
 Here I from Horner's lips, mild wisdom's type,
 Have gathered racy fruit, yet early ripe ;
 Which, but too like its symbol of the wall,
 Sneaped by untimely frost, was doomed to fall.

Nor harboured them alone whose names will live ;
 But welcomed those who 'life to others give.'
 Here oftentimes hath the historic page
 Been turned by honest Hallam, shrewd and sage.
 The strenuous idler in Athenian masque ⁽¹¹⁾
 Has in my sand and sunshine loved to bask ;
 And he, that robed in the civilian's gown
 Handled Thor's hammer, here has laid it down,

To follow many-languaged fowl, that pipe
 Their motions, march, or mess—curlew and snipe;*
 And perfect in their policy of peace
 And war, as if he had guested with wild geese,—⁽¹²⁾
 Anxious to learn their secret laws of life,
 Layed nature bare with his dissecting knife.⁽¹³⁾
 Here Walter Scott has wooed the northern muse;
 Here has with me rejoiced to walk or cruize:
 Hence have we pricked through Yten's†holt; where we
 Have called to mind, how, under greenwood tree,
 Pierced by the partner of his 'woodland craft,'
 King Rufus bled by Tyrrel's random shaft.
 Or have reposed, when the meridian ray
 Made our light task too heavy for the day,
 In yonder fane, which in monastic pride
 Looks on cool meadows, cut by chrystal tide:
 Founded on hill ('tis said) upon whose post⁽¹⁴⁾
 Whilom some barbarous king encamped his host:

* The sea-snipe.

† The wooded tract now called the New Forest.

But vainly was the work by man begun ;
 By angel hands removed 'twixt sun and sun.
 —Within we have sat and mused on what we have seen,
 And what on this wide stage has acted been ;
 Of men who have died in vain, their knells unwrung ;
 Since Fate denied the bard's ennobling tongue.
 Hence have we ranged by Celtic camp and barrows ;
 Or climbed the expectant bark, to thread the narrows
 Of Hurst, bound westward to the gloomy bower,
 Where Charles was prisoned in the island tower.
 Or, from a longer flight alighted, where
 Our navies to recruit their strength repair ;
 And pleased, have seen the ready shot and gun ;
 Seen in red stream the molten copper run ;
 Seen shapeless log from plastic steam receive
 Its form, and re-appear in block, or sheave,
 Through which shall hands the circling cordage reive ;
 In storm or calm, obedient to whose strings
 Will future navies fill or fold their wings ;

Seen massive anchor forged, whose iron teeth
 Should hold the three-decked ship, when billows seeth ;
 And when the arsenal's dark stithy rang
 With the loud hammers of the Cyclops' gang,
 Swallowing the darkness up, have seen with wonder,
 The flashing fire, and heard fast-following thunder.
 Here Foscolo, escaped from Austria's reach,⁽¹⁵⁾
 In moody silence trod the sounding beach,
 Save when the *Graces*, pleased with him to roam,⁽¹⁶⁾
 An exile, from their second southern home,
 Made him forget his sullen discontent,
 His country's doom, and his own banishment.
 And these 'ribbed sands' was Coleridge pleased to pace,⁽¹⁷⁾
 While ebbing seas have hummed a rolling bass
 To his rapt talk. Alas ! all three are gone—
 'And I and other creeping things live on.'
 The flask no more, dear Walter, shall I quaff
 With thee, no more enjoy thy hearty laugh ;
 No more shalt thou to me extend thy hand,
 A welcome pilgrim to my father's land.

Alone, such guests and comrades I deplore ;
And peopled but with phantoms is the shore :
Hence have I fled my beach ; yet would not so
A woodland or a river home forego ;
Though wakening fond regrets, its sear and yellow
Leaves, or sweet inland murmur, serve to mellow
And soothe the sobered sorrow they recall,
When mantled in the faded garb of fall.
But wind and wave, unlike the sighing sedge
And murmuring leaf, give grief a coarser edge ;
And in each howling blast my fancy hears
‘ The voices of the dead and songs of other years.’

NOTES.

(1) *Gundimore*.—I am not answerable for the invention, though I am for the adoption of this unmeaning name of the half-acre of sand so entitled. A half-witted parson (of a breed which is extinct, but whose eccentricities yet live in the memory of the older inhabitants of Christ Church) built a sort of wooden summer-house on one of the sandhills at Muddiford, at about two miles from that town, which had not then risen into its present comparative notoriety. The summer-house had, however, undergone the fate of the Grecian wall (if I may believe malicious insinuations), for the same cause that its great prototype was swept away by the sea, according to Homer.

The creation of this place had its origin in the following circumstances:—I happened at that time to have been reading Sir Uvedale Price's book, which made the more impression on me, from my having an almost innate antipathy to art imitating nature, as it is called, or as it is usually seen, caricaturing her, in the smooth monotonous lawn, belted shrubbery, &c. and was therefore an immediate convert to the architectural garden, if a garden was to be created in a place not distinguished by any beauties of its own. I was at that time looking out for a spot wherein to place a temporary canvass house; and found Gundimore, then uninhabited and unenclosed, offering a site recommended by its immediate vicinity to the sea, from which it was, however, sheltered by sand hills. Here then I pitched my tent, and afterwards built a house, considering it as fit for realizing some of my visions in gardening and architecture. A bank of sand connected two hillocks, presenting on the outside the appearance of two *oreillons* in fortification, united by a *curtain*; and from this followed the terrace, the idea of the garden *within* representing a theatre, and what is described in the following verses.

- (2) *Who having learned in youth some touch of art,
Hast for occasion laid the gift apart, &c.*

The Italians have a proverb of *Impara l'arte, e mettila a parte*, of which many, besides Mr. Berchet, have very wisely availed themselves in exile and distress.

- (3) *Escaped the Russian snows,
And chased from hallowed home and brief repose.*

Mr. Berchet having survived the Russian retreat, of which the army of Italy bore the brunt, sought repose in the gards of Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, in whose service he held the rank of Major of Cavalry; but being accused of 'misprision of treason,' in having been privy to and concealed the last Italian conspiracy, was found guilty and condemned to be shot. This punishment was commuted into perpetual imprisonment; first in the dungeons of Mantua, then to perpetual exile in England, where he has turned the proverb above cited to good account. He has since received a pardon.

- (4) *Nor double coach-house which delights the devil.
See the 'Devil's Walk upon Earth.'*

- (5) *Such as sage Tully loved, &c.*
See his letter to Atticus, commissioning him to procure him such antiquities.

- (6) *Lets in a look at the horizontal sky.*

The Italians seem to consider a closed garden as cheerless as a room lit only by a sky-light, and usually perforate the inclosure with what may be called an unglazed window, secured by iron grating.

- (7) *Leads to what on our coast was called a Folly.*

Any fantastic building, visible from the sea, was so called, as *Eagle-Hurst* was formerly known as *Luttrell's Folly*.

- (8) *When the alarm-bell rang.*

As announcing a visit.

- (9) *Here have I hailed a prince, &c.*

Louis-Philippe, now King of the French, and then Duke of Orleans, with Gen. Dumourier, was my visitor while resident at the Priory, near Christ Church.

- (10) *Had wisely for the tempest trimmed his sail.*

In a visit which Mr. Canning paid to a noble and distinguished school-fellow, on being appointed Governor-General of Bengal, he confidently predicted a reform of Parliament being carried before his return.

'So true it is that genius is prophetic.'

- (11) *The strenuous idler in Athenian masque, &c.*

The translator of unpublished scenes in Aristophanes.

- (12) *As if he had guested with wild geese.*

Crebillon, in one of his tales, makes a man ask of another, *est cette bécasse-là ?* and says, in explanation of such a question, that he had been turned into a brent-geese by a fairy, and passed his time principally with wild fowl.

- (13) *Layed nature bare with his dissecting knife.*

He brandished the dissecting knife with as much energy and skill as Thor's hammer.

- (14) *Founded on hill, &c.*

On what is corruptly called Catharine Hill, more properly *Cath-ri'n*, meaning in Celtic the camp or battle of Kings, a denomination common to heights, distinguished (like this in question) by ancient encampment. This district in its numerous camps and barrows bears witness to the slaughter of myriads.

"Sed omnes illic chrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."—*Horat.*

- (15) *Here Foscolo, escaped from Austria's reach,
In moody silence trod the sounding beach.*

The world has great reason to regret the many designs which the love of correctness, (perhaps his fastidiousness), did not suffer this distinguished writer to complete. None, however, is a more reasonable cause of disappointment than that his favorite translation of Homer should have remained unfinished. He alone, of all translators, had worked upon the *Iliad* in the varied style of the author or authors of that extra-

ordinary poem, an obvious consideration of which the translators have lost sight. As an instance, the conventions of the duel between Menelaus and Paris are detailed with all the stiffness of archaic precision; and the scene shifting suddenly to the bed-chamber of Helen, immediately presents us with a picture of refined voluptuousness in all its softness.

(16) *Save when the GRACES, pleased with him to roam,
An exile, from their second southern home.*

The Graces (*Le Grazie*) are perhaps Ugo Foscolo's most finished poem, in which he stated Gundimore should have an appropriate place; but it was not destined to be so embalmed. He used to style me

L' amico de la magion' ventosa.

(17) *And these 'ribbed sands' was Coleridge pleased to pace.*

It is an odd coincidence that the same promise (and as well unexecuted) should have been volunteered to me by the person now commemorated, and an inmate then with his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, at Mudiford. It was confirmed in writing to one who has lived with me forty years, and has served me as faithfully as he has long. As every thing is recorded of Mr. Coleridge which can be collected, I publish it with the permission of him to whom it was addressed, as characteristic of a highly gifted and extraordinary individual. It is contained in a fly-leaf of a corrected copy of *Christabel*:—

'Dear Hives,—Till this book is concluded, and with it "*Gundimore*, a poem by the same author," accept of this corrected copy of *Christabel*, as a small token of regard; yet such a testimonial as I would not pay to one I did not esteem, tho' he were an emperor. Be assured, I will send you for your private library every work I have published (if there be any to be had), and whatever I shall publish. Keep steady to the FAITH. If the fountain-head be always full, the stream cannot be long empty.

'Yours sincerely,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.

'11th Nov. 1816, Mudiford.'

With respect to the phrase 'keep steady to the faith, &c.,' I imagine he was cautioning him he was addressing, against Foscolo's supposed licence in religious opinions.

'*Gundimore*' was never completed, nor (I believe) ever begun. I will, however, stoop to pick up (as anxious to preserve whatever fell from Mr. Coleridge) one of the morsels that was destined to enter into its composition. Walking with him upon the beach, a long wave came rolling in, and broke at our feet. "That wave (said he) seems to me like a world's embrace, and I shall introduce it into *Gundimore*."

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To a Pine-Tree, seen in England in December, 1836.*

Hail ! although changed from what thou wer't before !

Stunted, curtailed of thy majestic stem,

And reft of thy umbrageous diadem—

Hail, hapless exile, to our northern shore !

Though thee no group of graceful cypress hem,

And, bent by southern breezes, bow before

Thy trunk, its sylvan grandeur to adore,

Without thy setting thou art still a gem.

And happy thoughts and recollections I

Hang on thy boughs, and see thy cloud-like shade

Propt on its airy pillar, in a sky

As pure and warm, as ever Claude pourtrayed.

But,—woe is me, my watery colors fly,

And at the withering touch of winter fade.

* The pinus pines of Linnæus.

SONNET II.

Constantinople seen at Sun-rise.

A city didst thou seem of fabled lore, (¹)
Mid cypress-groves of never fading green,
With minaret and gilded dome between,
While the sea softly kist thy grassy shore :
Shooting athwart whose sapphire pool were seen
Pinnacle and gorgeous galley—many a score—
Whence noise was none save that of plashing oar :
Tumult or talk marred not the calm serene.
Unheard is bearded boatman's hail or joke ;
Who mute as Sinbad's man of copper rows,
And only intermits his sturdy stroke,
When reckless gull too near his galley goes :
I marked, unmindful if I dreamed or woke,
This painted piece of motion and repose.

NOTE.

(1) *A city didst thou seem of fabled lore, &c.*

I approached Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora at day-break, and having slept under an awning in the boat, was awakened by the crew striking it, on our passing the Seraglio, in honor of the Grand Signor, no awning—from a canopy down to an umbrella—as a symbol of Royalty, being throughout the East suffered in the presence, or implied presence of the Sovereign. I shall never forget the impression I received, which was something like that of the drawing up of the curtain in a dark theatre, where the stage only is lighted; an effect never witnessed at home.

The view of this city, intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its extensive burial grounds, planted with these trees), its gilded domes and minarets, reflecting the first rays of the sun; the sea “in which it-glassed itself;” and that sea covered with beautifully carved and gilded boats and barges, darting in every direction in the most perfect order and silence, amid sea-fowl who sat at rest upon the waters, appeared to me as a vision of glory, and I was literally for some moments “unmindful if I dreamed or woke.”

The Mahometan religion, enjoining mercy towards the animal creation, will explain the gulls' familiarity; but the orderly conduct of the boatmen is to be attributed to the rigorous police exercised by the Bostanjis, which is remarked upon by Tott, Macfarlane, and almost all observant Oriental travellers.

The reader of the Arabian Tales (if they are now read) I need not refer at length to the story of Sinbad, who was received into his boat by a talismanic man of copper, who sunk in mid sea on his pronouncing the name of Alla, he having been previously warned of the danger of breaking silence; the usual termination of a spell.

SONNET III.

On seeing the Sultan going to the Mosque.

One Friday morn, the Moslem sabbath, I
Where Bosphorus in broader reach expands,
Stood fast, like eastern slave, with folded hands,
To mark the Sultan to his mosque sweep by.
(So he, the lawful ruler of these lands,
Once visited his church) (¹) half hid from eye
By lofty helms and lances lifted high :
Not hemmed by Bostanji or turbaned bands.
Like him, this ancient use must he maintain,
Lest, moved by moody priest or rebel peers,
The restless rabble should disturb his reign ;
And much it liked me, looking on those spears,
To think how little is the tyrant's gain,
That in usurping power, partakes its fears.

NOTE.

(1) *So he, the lawful ruler of these lands,
Once visited his church.*

Previously to the late sudden revolution in Turkish manners, it appeared difficult to imagine that a nation, so bigoted to its usages, should have adopted those of the people it had conquered, though it seems to be in the common order of things that the conquerors, if barbarians, should assume the colouring of those whom they have subdued, and to whom they are numerically inferior; and we find this process verified in most similar cases, but in none more strikingly than that of China, where the victorious invaders have almost lost all traces of their Tartar origin.

The Bostanjis, at the time I was at Constantinople, wore a picturesque sort of cap, in place of a turban, the common wear of Mussulmans, and were the ordinary troops on duty in the Seraglio.

It may not be out of place to observe here that it is a common, but very erroneous opinion, that the *crescent* is the symbolical emblem of Mahometan power—*donec totum impleat orbem*. The crescent and star are the bearings of the Sultan; so they were of the Greek emperor of Constantinople; and as such, were adopted by the conqueror. It is true that they are borne by the Mussulman powers of Barbary, but are worn by them, as, nominally at least, dependent on the Sublime Porte.

SONNET IV.

Occasioned by a visit to Torzelo, one of the Venetian Isles, and formerly the villeggiatura, or summer resort of the Venetina nobility. (1)

On a December's morn, nor dim nor dark,
 I, while a bright and brilliant sun outshone,
 (Such as in southern climate beams alone)
 From Venice to Torzelo loosed my barque :
 Cottage I saw 'mid palace overthrown,
 And wasted vineyard, garden close, or park ;—
 And viewed an older fane than thine, St. Mark,
 With door and window-shutters framed of stone :
 While I considered fane and fallen bower,
 And standing hut, 'mid these well pleased to range,
 A clock tolled twenty from a neighbouring tower :
 Time, changing all, himself had known no change ; (2)
 But taught, as to another age, the hour,
 Warning his little world in language strange.

NOTES

(1), 'Another place that I recollect seeing, with equal satisfaction, was the Isle of *Torcello*, or *Torzelo*, as called in the Venetian dialect, situated at a short distance from Venice. This was the summer residence of the Venetian nobility, before they obtained a footing on the main land, and has a very curious old church fortified with stone window shutters, and containing figures of yet older design than those to be seen in that species of *incastro* which is witnessed in St. Mark's. I went thither one December morning with the sun shining, and spent the whole day in straggling amid the ruins.'—*Thoughts and Recollections, &c.*

(2) *Time, changing all, himself had known no change.*

The old mode of dividing *the day* into four and twenty hours, once general in Italy, is here preserved

SONNET V.

On seeing an Austrian soldier, smoking his meerschaum pipe,
in the isle of Murrano. (!)*

It chances oft in melancholy mood,
 When least we think the mind could entertain
 Thoughts out of keeping with its present vein,
 Some wilful, wayward image will intrude.
 Smoking in *Meerschaum* bowl of motley stain,
 I saw, with massy look and posture rude,
 An Austrian 'mid Murrano's solitude ;
 And viewed in him the ruined island's bane.
 That cause of mischief drew no curse from me,
 Marking the scene of solitude and dearth ;
 I merely smiled that man and pipe should be
 So meetly matched, (poor argument for mirth)—
 This, as its name imports, the scum of sea,
 That, as his actions show, the scum of earth.

* Écume de mer.

NOTE.

(1) Murrano is another small island, formerly famous for the manufacture of mirrors, bottles, and other articles in glass. Our bottles, as their shape attests, derive their origin from this source. All is now going to decay through the misgovernment of Austria, to whose malignant influence, however, the falling-off of the mirror manufactory must not be attributed; for she is not original in mischief. This was effected by the superiority of the French mirrors, which are cast: those of Murrano are blown.

SONNET VI.

On witnessing a Sussex peasant's funeral.

I seldom drop a tear or heave a sigh,
Seeing herse freighted from ancestral hall,
At hatchment, pompous cavalcade, or pall :
But on 'maimed rites' have looked with other eye.
One Sunday, I stood propt against a wall,
To let a motley troop afoot go by,
In faded garments clad of different dye ;
And marked in them a peasant's funeral.
No 'inky cloak' did the chief mourner borrow,
To make of seeming grief a short display :
His woe was not to be put off to-morrow ;
His sables not the trappings of a day :
A black smock-frock, the livery of sorrow,
And labour—like his lot—was his array.

SONNET VII.

To a Lady who requested verses for an Album, the title page of which contained an emblematic garland of leaves and flowers.

Lady, to you forsooth a debt I owe,

And for the wreath which many a poet weaves

To bind your brow, some lowly buds or leaves

(Such as I can) would willingly bestow.

Spring paints the flowers, and Autumn fills the sheaves :

But Spring no more shall make my blossoms blow,

Nor Summer, nor Autumnal tide ; the snow

Of Winter my distempered fancy grieves.

Spring long has led away her laughing hours,

Hot Summer, treading on her heels ; and seeds

Have rotted ere yet ripened by the showers

Of fruitful Autumn ; Winter's waste succeeds,

And now, in place of wholesome herbs or flowers,

Choaked is my garden's growth with sickly weeds.

FINIS.

Creasy and Baker, Printers,
Brighton.

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